

The Missionary Helper.



PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY,

— BY THE —

Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

VOL. V.

MARCH-APRIL, 1882.

NO. 2.

AMERICA has the honor of inaugurating Woman's Medical Mission Work, and to *Mrs. Sarah F. Hale*, a native of New Hampshire, and an eminent authoress, belongs the distinction of being its pioneer. It was she who thought it out as early as 1851, writing, in regard to the subject, for *Godey's Lady's Book*, of which she was the editor, and corresponding with clergymen of various denominations. Like many another earnest laborer for the good of humanity, she found her thoughts and plans to be in advance of the sentiment of the times. Two young ladies, graduates of the Philadelphia Medical College, were ready to go as physicians to heathen women, but the time had not come. During the intervening years until 1869 there were growth and development in respect to the need and possibility of such instrumentality. A light was also dawning in India. The first female medical class of India, consisting of nine women, was opened in Nynee Tal, May 1, 1869, under the supervision of the Rev. Dr. Humphrey. In the same year the Woman's Union Missionary Society, of which Mrs. Hale was president, decided to send a medical missionary, and began correspondence with Miss Clara Swain, of the Woman's Medical College, at Philadelphia. Miss Swain was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and preferred going under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society of that denomination. The Union Society, regarding her wishes, generously yielded all claim to the first lady medical missionary to Asia. "Now the

medical missionary woman is welcomed as the necessary agent of completing the work of woman's work for woman.'

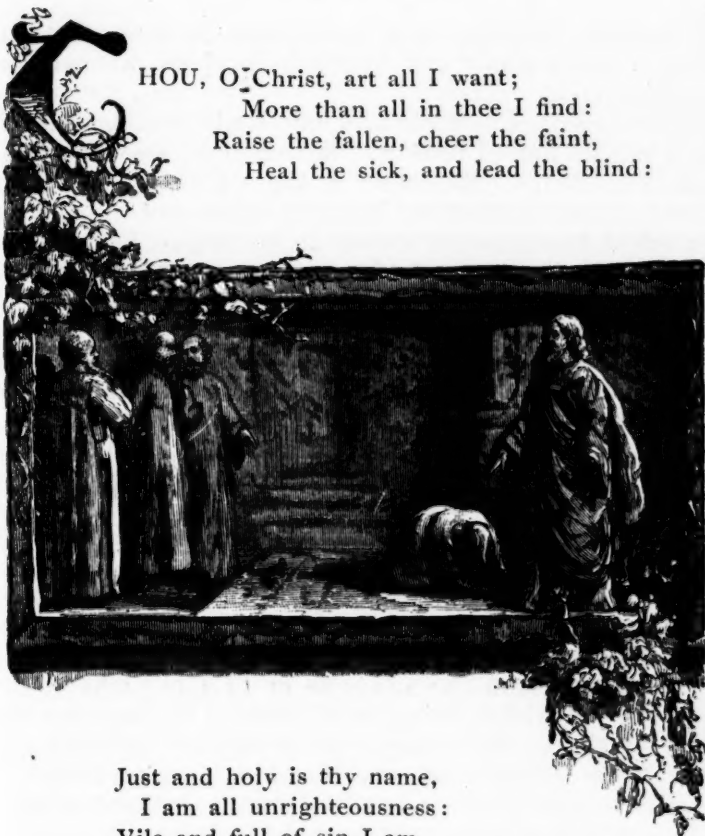
It may be "sowing dimes to reap dollars," was the suggestive reply of one worker to another, recently, in a conversation regarding an outlay of expenses necessary to carry forward successfully some work in hand.

This principle of increase, of gaining by giving, holds true in all missionary and christian work. The more the soul expands to take in the needs of the whole world, the more it recognizes that "every creature" was included in the last command of our Saviour, the greater will be its growth in all that pertains to its own happiness, its strength, and its life. The nearer we come to our neighbor, who is any one we can help, in loving him as ourselves, the nearer we shall come to God, the Father.

Years ago, when a legislature was asked to incorporate a missionary organization, whose stations now dot almost the entire globe, a short-sighted and selfish member said, "We have not religion enough for home use, and, therefore, have none to send away." Another, with a better conception of the expansive power of Christianity, and it may be with love burning in his heart, replied, "Religion is a commodity, the more of which we export the more will remain at home." Not for an instant let one of us feel that we shall be the losers by taking a broad out-look. The greater the sacrifice for the world's needs, the broader and purer will be the life of the Church, and the more will it take hold of the spirit of the teachings of the Master. Dear worker, doubting, hedged about, do not hesitate to accept these facts and press forward in the line of conviction and duty.

IN looking over a publication grown yellow with dust and age, we came to some pertinent suggestions in regard to the employment of bits of time. Adapting certain of them, they can be made to read: "How may busy people find time for mission work?" 1st. Let them accept, by faith, if need be, the fact of its importance. 2d. Let them insert into their daily programme an item—mission work—one half-hour. Once a week, reading of the promises and special prayer for the progress of the truth. One hour, once a month, to quicken sympathy and provoke to good works,—one meeting with others, etc. In other words, somewhere along their labyrinth of duties, tie a knot and label it "*mission work*."

THOU, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:



Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

[BY MRS. F. L. P. DURGIN.]

THIS branch of mission work is exciting an increased interest at home and abroad. The wisdom of the work can be no longer questioned. It needs but a glance from the intelligent thinker to see the immense advantage a missionary gains in winning the confidence and friendship of those whom he seeks to lead to Him who "healeth the broken in heart," by administering comfort and relief to their bodies. Especially is this true of the lady missionary, for by this means she not

only acquires influence over those whom she meets, but gains access to many homes and hearts from which otherwise she would be rigidly excluded.

Pain often unlocks doors to admit Relief, which otherwise would remain barred forever. But so rigid are the laws in Eastern countries, which hold women of the higher classes in deep seclusion, that not even at the cry of anguish will they relent and allow the women to be defiled by the glance of a man, even though he be a physician. Hence the increased need of medical training for lady missionaries. For medical work in the mission field is only another means to the great end—the extending of Christ's kingdom; only another way of obeying the oft-repeated command, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

This great mountain of cruelty and superstition must be brought low, and the valley of ignorance filled, that the King of Glory may pass over and occupy his throne in their hearts.

That great good results from this work, many incidents will testify. We clip the following from the *Morning Star*:

"Miss Leonora Howard, M. D., of Pekin, missionary of the Methodist Woman's Society, during the summer of 1879 was called to attend the sick wife of Li Hung Chang, viceroy of the province, living at Tientsin. He was the first officer in China, and commander-in-chief of the emperor's united forces on land and sea. He sent a steam-launch up the river to meet and conduct Dr. Howard to Tientsin, where sumptuous apartments were provided, which she was requested to occupy, and where she remained several weeks in attendance upon Lady Li. Her husband set apart a building for dispensary purposes, gave thousands of dollars to buy drugs, and called upon his official friends to patronize the institution, and by his generous aid has been instrumental in bringing thousands of women—many of them belonging to the highest class—within reach of medicine and the Gospel, and this, too, in a section where the women were impervious to gospel impressions, the missionary ladies having been notably excluded from their homes.

"Lady Li's restoration to health, through God's blessing on the treatment of her physician, it is believed, has opened a large and effective door for the entrance of the Gospel in that section of China."

As a further result of this good work, the London Mission-

ary Society last summer opened a hospital in Tientsin. It is substantial, spacious, and attractive, and built entirely from funds contributed by the Chinese.

Mrs. Dr. Mansell, of the M. E. Mission, did noble work last summer, during the cholera season, in Moradabad. She says: "They were dying at the rate of from seventy-five to one hundred per day. It seems a miracle that I did not lose a single cholera patient. I gave nothing but camphor, and so I do not claim any credit for the medicine, nor my own skill. I used to say to the patients: 'Now, open your mouth, and I will put the medicine in, but *you* must pray all the time and I will, and God will cure you.' And He cured every case. It was wonderful."

This brave woman has invented a way of sending healing to body and soul in the same packet. Upon each of her powder-papers is printed some brief inscription, as: "There is but one God," "Lie not at all," etc., and though the women cannot all read them, their husbands and sons may.

We are glad that our own mission in India has already three medical missionaries in the field: Dr. Bacheler, Dr. J. L. Phillips, and Miss Nellie Phillips, M. D. We hope other lady workers will be encouraged to make this much-needed preparation. And, right here, there is a matter in this connection which to most may seem to need no explanation, yet, judging from questions which have been asked, it may be well to at least mention the matter. A lady, speaking in regard to our medical missionary who has just entered the field, asked: "Does she go to India because she can do better there?" *i. e.*, gain a larger and more lucrative practice. To any others in whose minds this inquiry may have arisen, let us say, our medical missionaries receive the same salaries as others. A great deal of their work is necessarily gratuitous. The professional fees which they do receive go into the general mission fund, and not into their private purses.

Institutions have been established for the advancement of this work. One in London is called the "Medical Training School for Ladies," in which free lectures on medicine and theology are delivered to those preparing for foreign mission work. All Protestant Christians are admissible.

Would we not gain a powerful ally to our working force in India if the whole or a part of the time of one of our medical missionaries could be given to the training of a class of

native christian women as professional nurses, in connection with the Bible school at Midnapore?

There are more than thirty-four millions of women in Bengal — probably one-seventh are zenana ladies — very many of whom must be reached by this means, if at all. Shall we not lend our aid to this movement, also? For to us still comes the cry, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

FIRST HINDU CONVERT.

THE first Hindu convert of modern Protestant Missions was brought to Christ by means of a physician. When William Carey went to India, Dr. Thomas, a surgeon, accompanied him. They labored six years without seeing any results, but one day a carpenter, while working about the mission, fell and broke his arm. Dr. Thomas, while binding up the wound, told the story of Christ to those gathered about him. The carpenter was so touched that he went to the missionaries to hear more, and soon became an earnest Christian. Although greatly persecuted, he came out boldly and was baptized by Dr. Carey in the Ganges, in the presence of crowds of Hindus and Mohammedans who came to the banks to witness the scene. He lived twenty years, to work for Christ, and wrote tracts and several hymns, one of which begins :

"O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But O, my soul, forget Him not.

A CHRISTIAN woman never thinks of shunning the payment of her annual subscription; an interested auxiliary never dreams of failing to send on the full sum pledged for scholarship, building share, orphan or Bible woman. And so it comes that women's societies, though conducted so simply and quietly, meet their promises year after year.—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

REMINISCENCES.

[BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.]

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

(Continued.)

DURING this year (1852), health had blessed the mission, with the exception of Mrs. Cooley. In addition to her illness she suffered much from the loss of a beloved babe, and the sad news of the removal of two of her sisters and a brother by typhoid fever, who died within a few days of each other. As a consequence, Mr. Cooley's cold season labors were somewhat interrupted, still he was able to make some missionary tours. Among them was a very interesting one in company with Rama, when he visited Jagepoor, a large and very ancient town on the Byturne River, about sixty miles southwest of Balasore. This was one of Satan's seats, and as a stronghold of Hinduism was second only to Pooree (Juggernaut's dwelling-place). It is written in the Hindu Shasters that the river at Jagepoor is most holy to bathe in, so thousands of deluded pilgrims go there to obtain holiness. After bathing, and then obtaining a sight of Juggernaut, they feel sure of heaven, whatever else they may do. Mr. Cooley, in passing through one of its streets, found several pundits writing in front of a house. In reply to inquiries, he learned they were recording the names of Juggernaut's followers, or those who were on their way to heaven. They taught the people that unless their names were recorded as pilgrims or worshipers, they would not be admitted to heaven. "Strange book of life!" said Mr. Cooley. The pundits had their fees for registering the names. Juggernaut's missionaries, as they travel over the length and breadth of India to induce the people to make pilgrimage to Pooree, frequently take these records with them to show the people who and how many of their ancestors have gone to heaven, and how many more are on the way by performing pilgrimage and making presents to Juggernaut.

The brahmin families in Jagepoor were estimated at 370. Notwithstanding this large number of the priest caste, and the great number of pilgrim-hunters, the missionaries had a good hearing and met little opposition. Some of the brahmins were frank enough to confess that the system was all a "humbug," and only kept up to feed them, and that every intelligent brahmin knew it.

Mr. Phillips, while on a missionary excursion, wrote from Takia Nagar, December 9, 1852, noting some incidents by the way, illustrative of scenes they often met, which were the horrid but legitimate fruits of heathen Hinduism. So familiar had such sights become, that only occasionally the missionaries referred to them as a refutation of the cold-hearted remark, "the heathen are well enough off without the Gospel." He said:

"Day before yesterday, returning from a market where I had preached the glad tidings, a young brahmin accosted me, asking what he should do with the corpse of his father, which lay stretched on the ground beside the road. His father, it seemed, had sickened and died as they were traveling, and being among strangers the poor young man was in trouble, not apparently for the loss of his father, but how was he to dispose of the corpse? No brahmin in the place would stir an inch to assist in burning it, and to have this last office performed by sudras would be an abomination. Besides, he had no money to buy fuel. I advised him to bury the corpse, and passed on. Yesterday, on my way to this place, I saw on the verandah of a bazar house, a lifeless body almost in a state of nudity, evidently the corpse of a worn-out pilgrim, who had thus ended his toilsome pilgrimage with his life. The policeman or village people would probably employ a low caste man to throw the body outside the bazar, to be devoured by wild dogs and jackals, the same as in the case of a dead cow or horse, with this difference—that people of a respectable caste do not object to remove a dead cow, but none except the lowest caste could be induced to touch the corpse of a stranger who dies in this manner. At this season of the year especially, as indeed almost throughout the year, companies of stout, robust men from Upper Hindostan are seen rushing on in 'hot haste' to gain a sight of their idol,

Juggernaut. Women and children mingle in the train; the aged, infirm, and decrepit swell the crowd. Yesterday I met what is so common here as scarcely to occasion a remark, a number of aged and decrepit women, with sore and clouted feet, crippling along with their fellow-pilgrims, as though their all depended on gaining a sight of their hideous god, still 180 miles distant. One of the number very plaintively implored charity. She was old and gray-headed, almost worn down with fatigue and exposure, and destined, in all probability, soon to end her life far from home and friends. It was hard not to do anything for this pitiable old woman, but long since, I came to the conclusion not to feed pilgrims who are able to travel, while their faces are towards Juggernaut. Had we no scruples about this, the great number of applications would render it literally impossible.

What short of the most fatal delusion can induce such vast multitudes to continue voluntarily, year after year, to endure such untold miseries as do these Hindus! Shocking as are these physical evils, they are only temporary, and almost vanish out of sight in view of the awful fact of these deluded multitudes, in all their defilement, rushing on to the Judgment seat, with no Mediator, no Christ to stand between them and the righteous Judge!"

SANTIPORE. For years a pressing need had been felt for a place where the native Christians, especially the Santals, could settle together, and where, safe from the vexatious and crushing oppressions of the zemindars (land-holders), they could enjoy the fruit of their labors, and worship God without molestation. Mr. Phillips, after the failure of repeated efforts, had now succeeded in securing 200 acres of land on a durable lease, at a low annual rent. Thirty or forty acres were under cultivation; the rest was covered with jungle or brush-wood. The location bore the name of Santipore (City of Peace), and was about six miles from Jellasore. There was a small Santal village on the lot, and several larger ones near it. A beautiful stream of pure water formed its western boundary, and a dam, afterwards thrown across it, secured a supply of water for irrigation, which proved an invaluable blessing during seasons of Indian drouths. Rules were drawn up for the government of future residents, excluding all idolatrous practices, and enjoining moral duties, the observance of the Sabbath, and attendance on public worship. Mr. Phillips

next appealed to the benevolent in India for means to provide plows, bullocks, hoes, axes, etc. The first response came from Mr. Peyton, a surveyor in government employ. He enclosed his "mite," about \$100, in a very friendly note, assuring Mr. Phillips that he should always feel a deep interest in the new settlement. A few weeks later, hearing that Mr. Phillips was making an effort to provide a mission-boat to aid him in his journeys, he sent another note, saying, "Don't fail to put down my name for 100 rupees" (\$50). The founding of this christian settlement cost Mr. Phillips much care and labor. His tent was pitched there nearly three months, while looking after the work, preaching as he had an opportunity in the adjacent villages, and at three weekly markets. He said, in referring to this labor: "All had to be begun anew, jungle cleared away, a well dug to supply water for building mud walls, bricks made and burned for a small bungalow for the missionary to occupy, roads laid out, building-lots measured off and laid out in due form for a village, limestone procured and coal to burn it, timber for door-frames and roofs, bamboo and straw for thatching, workmen engaged and superintended, and all in the jungle, with no house on the spot; it has been like working at arms-end. But the work is now, advancing encouragingly. Seven native houses are in process of building, and others are soon to be commenced.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

[BY MARY E. B. TOURTILLOTTE.]

[Written for a Missionary Meeting held at Dover, Me., Dec. 17, 1881.]

Not with light and careless greeting, sisters, meet we here to-day,
 Speaking words of idle meaning, which will quickly pass away;
 But with high and noble purpose, hearts with Jesus' love aflame,
 Seek we how we best may serve him—honor most his holy name.

There is work, my sisters, lying all about our way,
 Earnest service for the Master waiting for us day by day;
 There are precious souls to rescue from the downward path of sin,
 There are sorrowing hearts to comfort, there are doubting ones to win.

Strong appeals for help are coming from our Western border-lands,
 In the South the darkened freedmen stretch to us their dusky hands;
 While beyond the billowy ocean, India, like a priceless gem,
 Waits for Christian work to set her in the Saviour's diadem.

Every place and every station to our hand some service yields.
Though we may not boldly enter in the world's broad harvest fields,
We can aid and cheer the workmen as they gather in the sheaves,
Or, perhaps, as gleaners, gather treasure which the reaper leaves.

Let us deem no service trifling, rendered for the Master's sake,
Let us count no toil too arduous, in his name, to undertake.
Though our strength may sometimes falter,—human hearts and
hands are weak,—

There's a source of strength unfailing ; we shall find it if we seek.

God has given each some talent, has a work assigned for each,
And the duty he has given always lies within our reach.
Shall we, in the day of rendering, a neglected talent bring?
Dare we venture, empty-handed, to the presence of the King?

Work we, then, with zeal unflagging, looking to the promised time
When the Saviour, whom we worship, shall be Lord of every clime.
Then the anthem of salvation o'er a ransomed earth shall roll,
And victory! victory to Jesus! shall resound from pole to pole.

ROYAL SYMPATHY.

THE success which attended the medical care of Lady Li, wife of the Governor-General of China, by Miss Howard has been most noticeable in its results, and was indeed like "an entering wedge near the throne" for the missionaries, and a remarkable indication of the leading of Providence.

Another instance of encouragement to medical lady missionaries is found in the October number of the *Indian Female Evangelist*. It seems that the Maharajah of Punna, a native state in Central India, in which no Europeans reside, applied to Miss Beilby, medical missionary at Lucknow, 200 miles south, for medical advice for his wife, the Maharanee. The queen had suffered long with a painful disease, from which she could not obtain relief from any other source, because of the native customs which preclude an inmate of a zenana from being seen by any man save her husband, father, or brother. Through the care and skill of Miss Beilby, and with the blessing of God, the health of this Indian princess was restored.

On the last visit of the physician to her royal patient, on the 13th of April, the Maharanee, having dismissed all her attendants, asked of Miss Beilby a solemn promise. She said, "You are going to England, and I want you to tell our queen (the Maharanee always said 'Our Queen') of the sufferings of the women in the zenanas of India when sick."

She charged her to bear the message herself, and not to take it through any other channel.

Miss B. represented to her how difficult it might be to obtain access to her Majesty's presence, but the Maharanee's impressions of the goodness of the christian queen, and of her sympathy with suffering were such that she could not longer refuse, and she promised to bear the message, if possible. The grateful woman had the doctor write it, bringing her pen, ink, and paper, and enclosing it in a locket, she placed it around Miss B.'s neck, to be worn by her until she should deliver it in person. In parting with the missionary she said, "If you forget your promise, *your* God will judge you."

On her return to England Miss Beilby was permitted an interview with Queen Victoria, the Empress of India, who kindly received the locket and its contents, and returned a message to the Maharanee by the messenger, and this also is the message of her Majesty for the encouragement of all, given to Miss Beilby: "We wish it generally known that we sympathize with every effort to relieve the suffering state of the women of India."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FROM MISS IDA PHILLIPS.]

A SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.

I AM sure some of our friends would have enjoyed our last Sunday School concert if they could have attended. We have them only once a quarter now. The last was held on the 11th of this month. The Balasore Quarterly Meeting was in session at the time, and the young folks had set their hearts on having an extra grand time. Practicing of hymns and Scripture texts on special subjects had been going on for days beforehand.

Sunday School concerts are usually held here in the afternoon, but Sunday morning, after preaching meeting, our native pastor came to me and said that the boys were most anxious to have it in the evening. They thought a well-lighted house would add great *clat* to the occasion, so it was given out that the concert would be held in the evening. Usually it is a little difficult to get a good audience at that time, as there are so many of the women who have children too small to leave

alone, but too sleepy to bring with them ; but by the looks of the faces when it was announced that the concert would be held in the evening, and that there would be some special exercises, all fears on that score were put to rest.

During the afternoon a squad of young men, including our pastor, Solomon Naya, came over for the organ, which under their escort very shortly reached the chapel in triumph.

Half-past seven o'clock found a good audience awaiting the opening of the exercises. There was great wonder among the younger members over a light in what might be called the front gallery if the place were not enclosed. There were figures flitting back and forth, and wandering strains of music that added greatly to the general effect.

In spite of our hopes and wishes to the contrary, the rainy season asserted its sway, and the water came down in torrents. But we were all safe, and the music and lights were the pleasanter for the darkness without.

The opening hymn, though Oriya, sounded very home-like, sung to the tune of "O, how happy are they," and accompanied by the organ. After prayer there issued from the invisible musicians in the mysterious front gallery, a solo and chorus, accompanied by several native instruments. In spite of my fears, I was delighted to find this music quite pleasant, and the native people were greatly pleased by it.

After this came exercises by the different classes. Some of the elder girls had verses relating to the nature and offices of the Holy Spirit. As we had just finished the study of the Ten Commandments in the "International Lesson Series," one class of boys recited them as given in the Bible. Then came a large class of boys and girls with verses on temperance. After this, the infant-class children, who had been watching, with open-eyed wonder, every new move, arose and turned their faces to the audience. But alas for the voices that should have been heard! They were all overcome by the sight of the people before them. Everything they had learned took flight, and they stood dumb. At last two little fellows recovered slightly, and whispered out their verses in concert. Then some of the others took courage, and in the end, almost all managed to say something. The audience, being composed chiefly of the relatives of the little folks, was very indulgent, and maintained a smiling silence while the children performed their inaudible parts. The infant-class

of European children hardly exceeded in bravery its native counterpart.

Once more during the evening we were favored with music from the gallery choir. We closed with a very pretty Oriya hymn, to the tune of Zion. The general verdict was, that the concert had been a success. Congratulations were plenty, and in spite of having to wait with sleepy children for some time after the exercises closed for the rain to stop, and then start out uncomfortably bundled up, every one went away looking happy.

BALASORE, Sept. 28, 1881.

[FROM DR. J. L. PHILLIPS.]

[The following extracts are gathered from Correspondence in *Gospel in All Lands*.]

The Bengal Missions, representing a dozen or more American and European societies, have had a year of fair prosperity. In nearly all these missions there have been accessions from the heathen community. The Welsh mission in Khasia hills, the American mission among the Garos, the Scotch mission for the Lepachas, and the English mission in the Santal country, have all experienced more or less refreshing from on high.

English education is making rapid strides in Bengal. In twenty years, missionaries sent to labor in our larger cities will hardly need to study the vernaculars of this country. Mr. Joseph Cook, who is expected to lecture in our principal cities this winter, will find thousands, in such commercial centres as Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, quite competent to understand and criticise his admirable addresses. The great missionary colleges of Calcutta are doing a noble work. Some of the cleverest students of these christian colleges have professed faith in Jesus Christ, and, we trust, will become influential workers among their countrymen.

Among the live questions in India, none interests friends at home more than that of self-support, or church independence. I wish I could say there has been great progress in this particular among the native churches of Bengal, but this topic never had such a hold on the thought as now, and native ministers are coming to understand the situation and adapt themselves to it.

Missionaries have always had an eye to the temporal welfare of the heathen. I was reminded the other day that the Serampore missionaries introduced both the potato and the

steam-engine into Bengal. Agriculture, particularly fruit and flower culture, was a favorite pastime of Dr. Carey and Dr. Marshman.

Already the plans are being laid for the Decennial General Conference of all Indian missions at the close of 1882. The last was held at Allahabad. It is possible that both Burmah and Ceylon may be represented in this conference, and we are looking forward to it with high hopes.

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.

It is with gratitude that we are able to chronicle the safe arrival of Mrs. J. Phillips and Miss Nellie Phillips, M. D., in our India Mission. They reached Calcutta Nov. 24, just two months after leaving New York, having been detained seventeen days in Scotland. Their voyage from Liverpool to Port Said was rough and perilous, as the following extracts from a letter to Mrs. Hills would indicate :

"Our steamer was heavily laden, and instead of buoyantly riding the heavy seas, she plunged into them and wallowed like a tub, every now and then shipping enormous waves, that swept our decks from stem to stern, and frequently came near dipping water. Instead of solid bulwarks, as sailing vessels have, the "Britannia" has an iron railing, and this I think saved her from swamping, for we were but thirty miles from the poor, ill-fated vessel that was lost. The last night of that fearful storm I felt very doubtful about seeing another day. No one can realize the full value of a hope in Christ till brought personally face to face with danger and death. As I lay in my berth rocking from side to side, and listened to the clatter and crash of everything that could be moved, and heard the maddened billows break over us, I could trust all in my Father's hands, and He gave me a calm and settled peace. Dear Nellie was sick most of the week, but was all the better for it when the storm was over.

"At Port Said, we took as passengers Mr. and Mrs. Tracy and two young ladies, all missionaries, also two children. We hope to have them as traveling companions as far as Allahabad. While at Port Said a party of us went ashore. As I was passing a shop door, somebody spoke my name. On looking round, there stood brother and sister Hallam and their daughter Emily. They had spent about a year and a

half in England. They are to go direct to Calcutta, and thence to Allahabad. Emily is to engage in zenana work."

On landing at Bombay they immediately took a railway train, and in two days and three nights reached Calcutta, where they were met by Dr. and Miss Hattie Phillips, "looking," said the latter "as calm and as well kept as though they had gotten in at the last station."

"We have permission also to publish extracts from Mrs. Phillips' letter to her daughter, Mrs. Durgin, written from Dantoon.

"The past two and a half years have been full of experience, trials, and heart struggles, which I had previously thought myself incapable of bearing. But I find that through Christ, who helpeth us, we can not only do, but bear all things. It seems to me that I never knew how to really trust God till the arm of flesh on which I leaned had been removed. Two years ago to-day your dear father laid down his labors to receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away; and when I think only of what the dear man has gained, I can truly rejoice, even in the midst of my loneliness. God has greatly comforted me, and I feel like taking up the broken thread of life and doing all I can to help forward the good work.

"I hardly need say that we received a hearty welcome from all, natives, as well as others. The *Santiporeans are pleading hard for me to go and live in the old home among them, and I know of no other place where I would more gladly labor; but the committee have located Nellie and me at Dantoon, to hold the place till a man can be had to fill it. I fully acquiesce in the arrangement, for without immediate help the station must be given up; a native cannot hold it alone. I came back to work wherever aid seemed most needed and where I could do most good. The mission bungalow is badly cracked, and the ants are busy in the walls and roof; but this I expected. No small share of my duties will be to put things in order."

TEMPERANCE IN THE SCHOOL AT HARPER'S FERRY.

[FROM MISS CORALIE FRANKLIN.]

Ever since the opening of this school the subject of temperance has received attention, and meetings are held during

*Santipore is a Christian village, founded by Mr. Phillips, and has a church of 129 members.

the year in its interests. No one here questions that temperance is a suitable subject to be introduced into a religious meeting, and ours are held usually on Sunday evenings. Let me give you a sketch of one of them recently held. It was opened with appropriate music, and in the Scripture reading our ears were greeted with the passage of Holy Writ so oft repeated: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." After prayer, Mr. Brackett expressed his deep interest in the cause. He gave an explanation of the poisonous effects of alcohol upon the human system, and drew several most interesting illustrations, showing the fearful results of intemperate habits. An essay was then read by Miss Taylor, one of the students, in which the subject of intemperance was dealt with wisely and well. She referred to the position taken by her own sex in regard to this subject, and how much good had been accomplished by women.

One of the speakers took us through quite a little mathematical calculation, showing what a sum of money may be wasted in a life-time by indulgence in this habit, even to the limited extent of two drinks a week. "What God gives us, he holds us responsible for," he said, "therefore we have no right to do with our money as we please; certainly not if its use will injure ourselves or others. Mr. Hatter, being called upon, spoke most earnestly, appealing directly to the students, of the importance of correct example. A student who had recently entered the school affectingly related the story of a companion who had lost his life in a fighting affray, occasioned by the demon intemperance. The pledge was brought forward, and the song, "Will you sign the pledge," was sung.

Mr. Brackett calls the book in which the names are written his "Autograph Album," and says he is very proud of his "collection." And well he may be, not because of the penmanship,—for some of it is poor and illegible,—but because of the noble sentiment to touch not, taste not that which doth intoxicate, under which the names are written.

It is something like a dream of the past to look over these pages. Here are the names of some who are separated from us by miles, yet whom we hope are true to their promise. Others are the names of those who have left us for a better world, whose beautiful christian lives impressed us so while with us that their influence is with us still. And here are others, more recent, whose owners have yet to prove them-

selves faithful to their vows. Particularly I notice the name of one whose recommendation commended him in all save this one matter of intemperance. He hoped to overcome this bad habit if we would help him. Storer never shuts her doors to those whom she can aid. The result was that he had not been among us long before he became a Christian, and putting his name to the pledge, has kept it. This is only one of many such instances.

At this meeting there were thirty-five new signatures, and judging by the past, we may prophesy that the good will not stop here. Many of these students will some day be teachers, and will they not teach temperance to their pupils, and these to theirs? Thus we may hope that the harvest will be truly great.

We may be too sanguine, but we believe that there is a day in the not far distant future when this traffic will be abolished from the length and breadth of our country. He who could loosen the shackles of the slave, rusty with ages, can surely break the chains with which the demon alcohol binds his victims.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA.

My Dear Mrs. Brewster: Not only does Christianity open to us a future, glorious and bright, beyond the grave; but it gives to us rich teachings for the present life. Among the choicest, perhaps *the* choicest, of these is, that we are to manifest for one another loving sympathy. It is this that prompts me to write to you to-day.

From its commencement I have welcomed the *HELPER*, and prize it very highly. But the November-December number has especially awakened many thoughts. It brings the tidings that two workers have passed from earth to

"That land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know."

Should not we who remain be very sincere, very earnest, very resolute, very trusting, very loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ? We know not how soon we, too, may step from time to eternity.

Richly suggestive was Dr. Phillips' communication. The world does indeed move. Only think that in India, that land of caste, of superstition, that land where woman has for so many centuries been held in intellectual and spiritual bond-

age,—that there she is attempting christian literary work. God bless and give success to Khristiya Mohita! I wish that I could read Bengali. I would become a subscriber at once. How the very existence of the little pink-covered magazine encourages our faith! Does it not point to the assured fact that women of the north, east, south and west shall yet join hands, and the world feel the electric thrill of christian womanhood. Then shall the nations cease to learn war any more, and the reign of universal peace be inaugurated.

This "woman's work for woman," how it stirs the inmost soul, as we study its dignity, its sacredness, its far-reaching results, its reflex influence!

In christian love, E. H.

YARMOUTH, N. S.

WHO READS?

DEAR SISTERS: Just a word in regard to your *own* magazine. Is not this the time which calls for activity in its behalf? Several agents have already increased their list of last year, which encourages us all; but many more subscribers are needed. We wonder from our out-look if there are not many places where no attempt is made to obtain subscriptions, and some, possibly, where the existence of the *HELPER* is not even known. Should any one of you know of such a church could you not give a little effort to bring this subject to the attention of its members? Specimen copies will be readily furnished you. If each agent should secure one additional name there would be a grand increase; if each subscriber should do this, what an encouraging result! The subscription price is so *very* small, so easily obtained, if one determines to have it, that we cannot conceive this to be an objection.

A highly valued exchange, we are informed, puts a large sum annually into the treasury of the society of which it is the organ. We all are hard at work, in the hope of a monthly publication, which, well established, may become a source of revenue to our society-funds, as well as a means of information. The latter should always be held as the leading motive for its existence. One agent, nearly seventy-five years of age, who well knows what toil means, and whose interest never

flags in what she undertakes, by her personal effort renewed her list of fifty-six, and increased it to sixty-three. One locating in another city, where there were only two or three copies taken, receiving her former package of twenty, instead of asking if she should return them, soon had subscribers for them all. And, still another, coming to a church where five was the size of the club, orders twenty-one copies to her address. A friend whose time is devoted to work among the unfortunate, deploring the dearth of workers, once said: "How we need women *dead in earnest*." Some way it *is* arranged in this world of ours that nothing can be done without *labor* and *sacrifice*. Who will make the securing of subscribers for a little time the "one thing I do?"

VERY SUGGESTIVE.—At a woman's missionary conference, not long since, while discussing the question, "How shall we interest our daughters in the subject of missions?" it is said that a sweet-faced old Methodist lady remarked that some things which had been said reminded her of the story of a farmer whom a stranger observed harnessing a colt with its mother. When asked the reason therefor, he replied, "Oh, its the way I take to break him into work. Trotting by the side of his mother he soon learns to do just as she does, so that when the time comes for him to go alone, I have no trouble with him." It is added that the story was so quaintly told, and the application was so evident, that it drew from the audience audible manifestations of applause.—*Helping Hand*.

There is rejoicing in the home of our sister, Mrs. Libbie Cilley Griffin. Two months ago, "a birdling sought this nest," to whom has been given the name of Frankie Lawrence Griffin. India and America seem to unite hands over this cradle. May they never unclasp.

AN exchange pertinently raises the question, when will we awake to find that we are trifling about God's solemn work, and men's perishing souls? It says: "True, American Christians have raised, in the past fifty years, fifty million dollars for foreign missions, but the saloons, distilleries, and excise departments receive that much every ten days for the water of death!"

SUBJECTS OF MISSION STUDY.

1882.

JANUARY — India.

FEBRUARY — The Freedmen.

MARCH — Woman's Missionary Societies.

APRIL — Medical Missions.

MAY — Africa.

JUNE — The Indians.

JULY — China.

AUGUST — Japan.

SEPTEMBER — Turkey.

OCTOBER — Syria and Palestine.

NOVEMBER — Home Missions.

DECEMBER — India.

SINCE the wives of the early missionaries returned to their native lands with the sad but true story of the dark and hopeless condition of the women of heathen lands, and the fact became evident and potent that multitudes of them could hear only the far-off echoings of the gospel, unless their christian sisters should take it to them, there has been a marvelous development of the power and ability of women to labor unitedly. The philosophy of the whole movement is wonderful, and clearly indicates that God's time for a more complete uplifting of woman everywhere was at hand.

The efforts to combine and organize cover a little more than a decade of years, a time in which to scarcely inaugurate a work so grand and vast in its possibilities, and yet enough has crystallized into history to give an idea of the results which may be reasonably expected.

There is occasion for constant gratitude that we live in the latter half of this glorious nineteenth century, and that we can have a part in one of the grandest movements of the age. To those women who first interpreted the teachings of Providence, and accepted the call of "Woman's work for woman," continuing steadfast against doubt and discouragement, are due our warmest thanks. The days of opposition are fast passing away.

To the Woman's Union Missionary Society is justly accredited the honor of being the mother of woman's missionary societies in America. It is undenominational, and since its organization there have come into existence the various denominational societies, which now number twenty, and whose auxiliaries are said to be more than nine thousand. In Great Britain there are at least twelve societies, and in Canada six, whose objects are similar to our own.

Both subjects for consideration during these two months are very suggestive. Their study will yield knowledge, gratifying and inspiring. We can only refer to them in the briefest manner, and call attention to a few sources of information. For the first meeting such passages of the Bible as refer to Dorcas and Priscilla, and a score of other like women, will be suitable.

For reference: *Historical Sketches of Woman's F. M. Missionary Societies*, Mrs. L. H. Daggett, 287 Bunker Hill St., Boston, Mass., price, seventy-five cents; the annual reports of the various societies. The *Gospel in All Lands*, vol. v., No. 5; the *Missionary Review*, May—June, 1881. Both publications usually contain articles in regard to woman's work. The *Bainbridge Books*, and *Protestant Foreign Missions*, by Christlieb; and the various encyclopædias.

For Scripture reading in April, any of the miracles of our Lord, and for references:

Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, by Mrs. J. T. Gracey, obtained of Mrs. Daggett, price thirty cents; *Reports of the Indian Free Baptist Missions*; *What is a Medical Mission?* by M. M. Gordon of England; *Address of Dr. Howe in Proceedings of Mildmay Conference*, London, published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

Our Medical Force, The Foreign Missionary of October, 1881, organ of the Pres. Board; *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, May, 1881; *Reports of Ladies' Auxiliary to Edinburgh Medical M. Society*, 56 George Square, Edinburgh; *Children's Medical Mission Stories*, by Miss Annie Butler; address W. Mack, 4 Pater-noster Square, London, England; *Missions and Science*, chapter 18; *Heroines of the Mission Field*, pages 5 and 6, and *Women of the Orient*.

PRIS. BURWELL'S SOLILOQUY UPON "WOMAN'S BOARDS."



T was strange, or, rather, it was providential, that the notice should have been read that very first Sunday; but when one's mind is running in a certain channel, it is surprising how many things seem to turn that way. Pris. Burwell didn't think much about it when her hostess said, laughingly, at the dinner-table, "Now that your school-life is over, you will have time to spend on some hobby; for instance, you can join the Woman's Board." But by one of the coincidences that are truly heaven-sent happenings, the last words lingered in her memory; and the cars rattled, as they hurried her homeward, "Woman's Board," "Woman's Board," as distinctly as the bells once gave advice to the embryo "Lord Mayor of London."

She had been thinking all through her last year at school what would be the next thing for her; and when the good-byes were fairly said, and the last one of the old seminary buildings faded out of sight, she realized that one scene of her life was over forever, and the world "lay before her where to choose." Not a very great liberty of choice, either, it seemed to her, for she knew that her father had sacrificed much in order to send her, the oldest of many brothers and sisters, through college, and that since her mother's death, a few months before, the children had been running wild. So her hopes of teaching were all to be put aside, for she remembered her father's words at their last parting: "Finish your school, daughter, and then come home, for we need you."

She loved her home and the children, but she had aspirations for what looked like higher work, and it seemed as if she would be shut in and walled down by the interminable house-work. Must she, the brightest and wittiest of her class, a ready writer, and with a natural "gift of tongues," lay aside her books, grow rusty in her French and German, and settle down into an endless treadmill, with only "the trivial round—the common task," for her life-work. She had just about made up her mind to accept her fate as a bitter pill, and to resign herself to being prim and poky and disagreeable, when the playful words of the friend with whom she stopped to dine changed the current of her thoughts.

"The idea that I can have any time to work for the heathen! Why, it will be more than I can do to keep the household machinery in running order. If I make things comfortable at home, it will be all I ought to do." But on this first Sunday, as she sat in her old place in front of the pulpit, it seemed as if the minister gave her a piercing glance when he read the familiar notice, "The Woman's Board will meet at the parsonage on Wednesday afternoon;" and back came all the thoughts she had tried to banish. "Is it possible," she wondered, "that I really have anything to do with this thing?" By and by, when she was riding slowly home with her father, through the spicy pine woods, she broke out suddenly,—

"Do you think it is my duty to belong to the Woman's Board?"

Mr. Burwell's keen, gray eyes twinkled as he answered: "My daughter, we have woman's boards enough to occupy your mind at home. There is the wash-board, the ironing-board, the dough-board; and if you pay your whole attention to these, you will be better fitted to do good in a suitable sphere than if you spent your time going around like the 'prophesying woman' that the apostle tells about."

"But is it right that all my time and strength be spent at home? Ought I not to find some way of helping the world?"

"'Charity begins at home,' says the proverb. Study it out for yourself, Pris., but remember the story of 'Mihal and the Goslings,' and catch the nearest ones first;" and then the farmer closed his lips as if there were no more to be said, and soon they were at home.

But in the early twilight Pris. escaped from the children, and went to her old seat, in the ledge of the attic-window, where she

had many times dreamed her school-girl dreams, and where not many weeks ago she had knelt with an earnest longing for the help which is given by Christ alone, and where the answers of peace had come. She had thought then that she could never be perplexed or troubled again, for she had not yet learned that we may not always see Christ transfigured before us, and that we must come down the mountain where there is work to be done. But Christ went down from the mount with his disciples, and entered into the work with them, and Pris. was to know that to the true Christian the "valley" is often one of blessing. Here, at the beginning of her christian life, she was met by the old questions that have come in so many forms to us all: "Then shall I work for Christ in the monotonous round of daily trial? Must I give up all my aspirations and settle into a routine of petty cares? And, still further, is it my duty to try to help the world?" I shall have no time to take up duties that would come upon me as a member of any organization. I cannot spend my days in working for fancy fairs and mission circles, and certainly shall not have a moment for writing articles and looking up missionary items, as I suppose I should be obliged to do. For girls who have only their Kensington embroidery and their practicing, it is a very different thing. I will just think out this matter carefully, look at the *pros* and *cons*, and see if I cannot be settled in mind again. It seems to me that father's words make a good statement of the difficulties.

Now, what can I find in these Woman's Boards to help, first, my own christian life, and next, my neighbors, in the highest sense? The "wash-board" is not romantic or æsthetic, but it is necessary. It tires my arms and my back, and makes me cross and fretful. It is hard work, and no poetry about it; and the next week it is all to be done again; and in the end it benefits no one outside the family. Still, there is a certain satisfaction in seeing my lines of white clothes blowing in the wind, and in beginning all fresh and clean again. I wonder if that was not in God's plan when he made the "evening and the morning" for the first time, that his children might have a chance to begin again on each new day.

There is certainly a sense of respectability in being clean in literal cleanness of raiment, as well as of heart. People laugh at the "immaculate floor," and the "flower-pot" in the window of the model poor; but there is often a clean heart behind the window, while there can be no sense of self-respect where everything looks as if washed only by "invisible soap in imperceptible water." Why were the old Hebrews commanded to wash themselves and their garments so often, if it was not as a type to remind them of the frequent cleansings of heart, which we might forget if we were made like the animals? I never thought before that only those who are pure in heart can have their garments washed white. May be we can take the things of common life as outward signs of the graces we need within; and as I vigorously rub at the soiled clothes I can try to make my heart pure; and as I shall have to do it all over every week, there will be no time for me to get either careless or "puffed up." Wasn't it "Jo" who made her "primer" at the wash-tub? I believe she put into words what I have so often thought:

"I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls,
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air, by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing-day!"

And here is where the outside work might come in. Why cannot I use my thoughts for others, as Jo did, while I work with my hands? Perhaps if I told about the helps that come to me, the trials overcome by Christ's aid, the new meanings of old truths that sometime flash upon me, it might do good to some one who has to fight the same battles. I do not suppose that missionary items are all the circles want, and I am sure they would be glad of my helpful words, written for Christ's sake.

Now, at the "ironing-board" it is a capital plan to think. To be sure, one's attention is occupied over "bosom shirts," but a good many thoughts could be crowded in over the sheets and tablecloths. Mrs. Whitney made Bell Bue think out her sweetest poems as she brought out the ivy-leaf pattern upon Mrs. Sherman's best damask. So, why cannot I pick up all the information I can at odd times, and arrange things mentally while I am about my work?

I remember how much more easily Sue used to get along with her school-work than the rest of us. When she had to make the beds she made believe they were villains and traitors, and punched and hustled them with a will. How we girls did laugh when she pounded Henry VIII. till the feathers flew far and wide. Even when she had to pick up the dishes after dinner, she had such an absurd way of piling them up — "the plate after his kind, the cups after her kind" — that we always laughed, and forgot it was drudgery. She was only trying to make pleasure out of everything; but cannot I have a still higher motive? As I am washing or ironing I can use my thoughts for Christ and his work, while I do the hard tasks with a will. Surely, so far there is no conflict between boards and Boards. But then, there is the "dough-board." Hours and hours I've stood there rolling out pie-crust as thin and "short" as a pressed autumn leaf. No wonder people outside of New England have a horror of pie! If this was all, I would not murmur; but the cookies and cakes and crullers are absolutely uncomfortable. I do so sympathize with the song, —

"Heigh-ho, handle the dough;
How I do wish dinners would grow!
A sponge-cake vine, or a doughnut tree,
What a refreshing sight to see!"

If it didn't get so monotonous I might like this board, for it is rather pleasant to see my cake "rising like an exhalation," and to have people say I have a "faculty." But the dainties melt away in an astonishing manner; and it is exasperating to find the cupboard bare when I think there is plenty for tea. It is all I can do to keep the family in plain food; and where is any time for fussing for church fairs? Perhaps, though, I ought to have made something when little Alice asked me for cake for her mission circle; and I am sorry I spoke so sharply when I said I had not time, and then spent all

the next morning cooking for the archery picnic. I believe I am a real fraud, only I never saw it so plainly before, and prided myself upon being virtuous and consistent. I wonder if I have sinned equally in regard to the next board.

The "cutting-board" is comparatively new, for I remember when my dresses were basted on a high table; but that was before the days of so many bias ruffles. I do not suppose I shall have to do all of the sewing, but my part will be to take care of my own wardrobe, and do what I dislike most — snip and cut and contrive; make over and mend for the children.

"Heigh-ho, hurry and sew;
How I do wish that garments would grow!
An overskirt bush or a roundabout tree,
What a refreshing sight to see!"

I do not want my dresses all plain and prim, and I must keep the children looking nice; but where will come the time? Solomon says there is a time for everything, so there must be; but isn't it for the best things? and will not something have to be crowded out? Cannot I try to strike a medium, and plan to save a few stitches wherever I can, and use the remaining moments in something for the Lord's people, and for those who go to preach Christ? May be I can work through them better than I could if I should leave my plain home duty to go abroad.

Now, have I thought this matter out so that it will not trouble me any longer? These four little "boards" comprehend all of the household work which busy people like me give as an excuse for not helping in the mission work; and for those who live in different surroundings, there are the key-boards, drawing-boards and chess-boards to take up time and attention. If all of us who spend time in any of these ways could heartily unite in work for one grand cause,— the cause of Christ,— wouldn't we have a Woman's Board that would be a solid platform reaching around the world, and making a good, firm basis for us all to rest upon? This must be the right kind of a platform for the women of America— work for one another, and for the Lord, who is over all. Why, it seems as clear as daylight to me now. This one resolution I will make—to strive to live up to the light within me, and to-morrow I will see what I can do.

"And what did she do?" She went about her tasks with a heartiness that was surprising, doing everything as unto the Lord. She wrote bright little things that were helpful to others, and resolved plans in her mind as she worked with her fingers. She put a few less stitches into her own clothes, and prepared many an article for the mission circle or Christmas-box for some weary teacher; and she carried the triumphs of her cooking when the quarterly meeting was held in her town. Best of all, by her earnest words and her example she brought many into the work who could give what she could not— money and time; and, in short, she did what any earnest christian girl who has learned her duty *can* do in any sleepy old town. And did she grow prim and poky and disagreeable? No, indeed! She never was half so bright before; for how can a person whose heart is warm and loving be

disagreeable? or one who takes in the whole world be narrow? May be she didn't study as much as she wished, but she found that everything had a lesson for her, and instead of being dwarfed, she kept growing in the right way—more womanly and true and sweet; and, above all, ever nearer to Christ, for whom she worked.

Another Sunday she sat in her pew and heard words that touched her heart with a new and grand meaning. "What little services are our cups of water, and how utterly ashamed we feel of ever having thought any of them wearying or irksome when we look at the recompense of the reward. Is there one of us whose heart has not thrilled at the mere imagining of what it will be to hear the King say: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me'?"—*Life and Light*.

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

MAINE.

The Auxiliary organized in the Greene church, now blessed with the pastoral care of Mr. Musgrove, of the Theological School, shows its true life in unmistakable ways. Its original number, twelve, within a month increased to nineteen. Here is a most significant and fruitful fact: Months before this society was formed, Mr. Musgrove had a club here taking ten copies of the *MISSIONARY HELPER*. A. C. H.

One whose heart seems enlisted to do what she can, sends these words to her sisters: "I trust every one of you read the article in regard to the blind brahmin who had been taught the Gospel of John and other portions of the Word. What a lesson in patience is the teaching of this missionary, and of zeal in the blind man, seeking to use the talents he had. I want to ask if we are to be outdone by this man without sight. In other words, are we doing what we can? Do we seek for the Divine sight, the faith we may have, which will open our eyes to see that we can do much more for our dear Saviour's cause? Like this man, we may go out and speak a word for Jesus; may interest others in mission work; help the missionaries to bear their burdens; away from home and friends, we can send them a word of cheer now and then, and let them know we think of and pray for them. Let us not sit idly, because we may not be called to do great things. *What we can*, in the strength of the Lord, is the measure of the requirement. S. A. B.

The second session of the Otisfield Q. M. W. M. Society was held at Bridgeton (Berry's Mills), Feb. 2d. The president was absent, but the meeting was cared for by the secretary. It had a business session, at which reports of auxiliaries were given. The Harrison auxiliary, of sixteen members, has voted to support a zenana teacher. The workers of the Otisfield auxiliary are women whose hearts are in the work, but labor under great disadvantage, being scattered, and burdened with family cares. The half-hour given to the society, in the public session, was profitably spent. MRS. BARROWS, Q. M. Sec.

VERMONT.

At the last session of Wheelock Quarterly Meeting, a missionary meeting was held on Saturday afternoon. The usual programme was carried out, several selections being read: "The Progress of Missions," by Mrs. Owen, of Lyndon; "The relation of mission work to Africa," by Miss Abbott, of Sutton; the Open Letter of Mrs. Ramsey by Mrs. Wilson, of Sutton, were followed by the stirring address of Mrs. Fitzgerald, of New Hampshire. A collection was taken at the close.

We are not able to do in this section what some are doing elsewhere, but there is an interest in mission work, and there are those who contribute generously and work earnestly.

MRS. G. M. FRESCOTT.

RHODE ISLAND.

Brother Morrell's zeal for mission work does not abate in the least, though he labors apart from the Shenandoah Valley, where he spent so many years of activity among the freedmen. "I tried," he says, "to present our foreign mission cause to our congregation yesterday, and had an attentive hearing, and made a beginning to raise our apportionment of funds to that work. My father used to start for the field and say, 'Come, boys.' He was ready to lead in the way. So must the minister, in missions and other benevolent enterprises. He must go before, and say, 'Come, boys.' If he do this, his church will seldom fail to follow."

Twenty-one copies of the *HELPER* for Chepachet, instead of eleven, is the result of his kind words and personal effort.

NEW YORK.

Mrs. Hyatt, of Dale, says: "We are in sympathy with our missionary work, are praying for its success, and accompanying our prayers with our efforts. Our people are scattered over a large territory, and it is not so easy to conduct our work on the card system, and we have adopted the plan of a monthly collection on the Sabbath, and, to bring the subject before the people, are having, frequently, Sabbath evening missionary meetings. The young people are very ready to furnish select readings, recitations, and music. We hope to do our share in the good work."

KANSAS.

Mrs. Clark, of Kansas, writes: "Enclosed find price of *HELPER* for another year. Precious little bond of union, it is, between us all, East and West. I hope to be successful in having it introduced into our churches, which know too little of our work as a denomination. I do hope the time is near when we can have the help of some of our dear brethren and sisters to take hold of the work with us in this great wide vineyard."

My Missionary Box and I, is the title of an interesting story, from the reading of which all may profit. It describes the experience of a very "human" little girl, who came, through suffering, to understand the way to Christ, and to see more clearly the true motive for working and giving for missions. Her box, procured for an ornament, came to be a blessing in disguise. It is in pamphlet form, and for sale by Eben Shute, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., for ten cents.

THE BAINBRIDGE BOOKS.

Rev. W. F. Bainbridge was, for ten years, pastor of the Central Baptist Church in Providence. In December, 1878, he, with his family, started on an independent tour of inspection of Christian missions of all denominations, and of all countries to be readily reached in a journey round the world. He returned two years later. As the result of his observation and studies, he has now given to the public a large 12mo. volume of 583 pages, entitled *Around the World Tour of Christian Missions*. The whole subject in question is treated fully and exhaustively, and without denominational bias. Its various phases are discussed with fairness and skill, and a wide range of facts is presented. From some points of view, the volume is the most complete treatise on Christian missions which has been published; and as a hand-book it is invaluable, and should be in the possession of every pastor and missionary worker.

Round the World Letters is by Mrs. Bainbridge. For many years interested in missions, it was the cherished desire of the author to look in upon the missionaries at their homes, to understand more clearly the nature of their work, and the character of the people among whom they labor. Circumstances were made subservient to this desire, and in this attractive volume she gives us a graphic account of her observations and experiences during these two years' absence. It is a book of travels, it is true, but one which affords delight to the reader.

Both of these are intensely interesting. We seem to be looking through the eyes of friends at scenes which we have strained our sight vainly to see. They are published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass., and have already passed to the fourth edition. Prices, \$2.00 and \$1.50.

THERE is another advance in missionary literature, and another arrangement is completed whereby a feast of good things is to be spread each month for lovers of knowledge in regard to the progress of the gospel and the uplifting of humanity. The *Word, the Work, and the World*, is the name of this new periodical, devoted to the work of the whole church, at home and abroad. It is most ably conducted by Rev. Albert B. Simpson, who leaves a large pastoral charge to take up this branch of service. The initial number is most attractive in its appearance, is fully illustrated, and is a quarto of forty-eight pages. Price, \$2.50; single numbers 25 cents. Address the publisher for subscriptions, at 15 Bible House, New York City.

WE give most cordial welcome to *The Woman's Evangel*, the organ of the Woman's Missionary Association of the United Brethren, which commences its existence with the present year. It is in quarto form, sixteen pages, subscription price, 75c, and is ably edited by Mrs. L. A. Reister, of Dayton, Ohio. It has promise of being a power to the women of this division of the great company who are pressing on with the message of good news. May it prove to be all that its significant name implies.

Children's Niche.

REPORT OF THE LITTLE ONES.

BEING A RECORD OF FACTS.

All. Of the happy workers,
Youngest ones are we;
That we're *very* little
Any one can see.

Pr'aps you think our help, too,
Must be also small;
But we're sure it's better
Far than none at all.

Would you know the many
Things we've learned to do?
Listen, and the secret
We will tell to you.

I made lots of stitches
In a patchwork square,—
Hardest work I ever
Did too, I declare!

2. I can't sew, but grandma
Holders made for me;
These I sold, to carry
Light across the sea.

3. I shelled beans for heathen
(Papa said I might);

So my little fingers
Made a shilling bright.

4. My mamma, to help me,
Bottled up some ink;
I've sold seventy cents' worth
Now what do you think?

5. Out of auntie's pansies
I've picked every weed,
And she's going to give me
All I'll sell of seed.

6. I can 'muse the baby
When he wants to play;
Many a shining penny
I have made this way.

7. Sometimes I run errands
Over 'cross the street;
Earn my mission-money
Helping older feet.

All. So you see, though little,
We've found work to do;
When we said we helped some,
Don't you think 'twas true?

—L. A. H. Butler.



TEACHER in Siam thus describes one of her school-houses:

It does not cost much to build a little school-room in Siam after the native fashion. One of mine measures fourteen feet by twenty-two. The materials, including a lock and key, cost \$6.38; and the wages of the men and women who built it amounted to \$5.44, making the entire cost \$11.82. You would think it a very queer school-room, with its basket-like walls of woven bamboo, and its roof of leaves sewed together, its windows without any glass, and its two doors. There is only one bench, and that for me, when I pay them a visit. The native teacher and all the children sit on the floor, as they like that best. There is a beautiful tamarind tree close

by, whose wide-spreading branches shelter the little school-house from the sun; and market-women, with baskets of fruit, palm sugar, or parched rice, sit down to rest in its shade. Their curiosity is very much excited if I happen to be at the school. They come and peep through the walls at me, as though I was some wild animal.

CONTRIBUTIONS

FROM DEC. 1, 1881, TO FEB. 1, 1882.

MAINE.

Aroostook, Q. M. Auxiliary, for Ragged schools.....	\$15 00
Aroostook, Cheerful Workers, for Ragged schools.....	9 00
Bangor, Auxiliary.....	8 00
Bowdoinham, Auxiliary, for Harper's Ferry.....	5 50
Canton, Mrs. A. F. Goddard, for F. M.....	5 00
Cornish, Mrs. C. W. Pugsley, for incidental and literary fund...	20
Cumberland, Q. M. collection, for incidental and literary fund...	3 20
Doughty's Falls, Auxiliary.....	8 50
Dover and Foxcroft, Young People, for Anthony Hall.....	10 00
Kenduskeag.....	75
Lewiston, Auxiliary, \$2.00 toward extra \$40.00 of Miss Franklin's salary, \$ 87 for incidental and literary fund, balance general work.....	15 00
Lewiston, Sunday-school class, Main St. Church, for native teacher.....	4 00
Litchfield Plains, Auxiliary, for support of Tipperie.....	12 00
North Berwick, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bachelor's salary....	2 55
Newport.....	1 25
North Berwick, Auxiliary, for Miss Mary Bachelor's salary.	52
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Richmond Corner, Mrs. E. G. Page, for F. M.....	2 00
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Springfield, Q. M., for Anthony Hall.....	2 50
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\$157 68

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Alton, Church, for Miss Brackett's salary.....	3 15
Candia, Mrs. Augusta Fitts.....	1 00
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Concord, Memorial gift by S. C. Curtis, in memory of his wife, the late Mrs. P. Curtis, for working capital.....	25 00
Danville, Auxiliary.....	10 00
Dover, Miss Sarah Lowe, for zenana work.....	5 00
Dover, Mrs. Lydia V. Jenness \$5.00 for Anthony Hall, and \$5.00 for general work.....	10 00
Lake Village, Ch., for Miss Brackett's salary.....	10 00
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New Hampton, Mission Helpers, for support of Mabel Hampton.....	10 00
New Market Auxiliary.....	9 00
North Sandwich, J. N. Morrison, for Anthony Hall.....	5 00
North Sandwich, P. Quimby, for Anthony Hall.....	1 00
Sandwich, 1st F. B. Church, for Miss Brackett's salary.....	5 00
Sandwich, 2nd F. B. Ch., for Miss Brackett's salary ..	5 00
Whitefield, Children's Band.....	2 50

\$107 65

VERMONT.

Corinth, Auxiliary, of this, \$1.00 from Mrs. P. M. Hastings, for Harper's Ferry.....	3 00
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Corinth, Q. M., Woman's Miss. Society, half each H. M. and F. M.....	2 50
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West Topsham, from estate of Lydia J. Shipman, per exec. O. L. Watson, half each H. M. and F. M.....	140 93
Washington, Hopeful Workers, for Storer College.....	2 00
	<hr/> \$156 28

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, Mrs. H. K. Pierce, half each H. M. and F. M.	5 00
East Mansfield, Rachel Wilkins	3 00
Lowell, Ch., collection, \$2.00 for Anthony Hall.....	42 19
	<hr/> \$50 19

RHODE ISLAND.

Barneyville, Church, for zenana work.....	5 00
Greenville, Mission Band, for Miss Ida Phillips' salary....	6 25
Olneyville, Auxiliary, towards furnishing room in Anthony Hall, named "Martin Cheney room".....	50 00
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, \$2.50 for Miss H. Phillips' support, \$2.50 for Miss Franklin's salary, 25c for incidental and literary fund, and \$3.75 for Anthony Hall.....	9 00
Tiverton, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 50
Tiverton, Benevolent Society, for Miss H. Phillips' support....	2 50
	<hr/> \$75 25

NEW YORK.

Byron Church, half each F. M. and Harper's Ferry.....	15 00
Genesee, Q. M. Woman's Mis. Soc. for zenana work.....	3 50
Monroe, Q. M., for Harper's Ferry.....	5 00
Poland Auxiliary \$15.00, for Ambie, \$6.00, for H. M.....	21 00
	<hr/> \$44 50

Dover, N. H.

Received from Pawtucket, R. I. Auxiliary, \$0.25; from friends in North Berwick, Me., \$6.50, all for the West, \$6.75.

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Broadway, Mrs. A. H. Whitaker, for F. M.....	1 00
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Prospect, Mrs. Sarah W. Cratty, for working capital.....	30
Seneca & Huron, Q. M., for F. M.....	8 79
	<hr/> \$11 09

MISSOURI.

Keytesville, Mrs. H. M. Hunter, \$5.00 for H. M., \$10.00 for F. M.....	15 00
	<hr/> \$15 00

MICHIGAN.

Montague, Mrs. C. P. Keyes, for salary of Miss I. Phillips..	5 00
	<hr/> \$5 00

IOWA.

Iowa, State Woman's Miss. Soc. \$10.00 for F. M., and \$10.00 for Harper's Ferry.....	20 00
Wilton, Aux., for Anthony Hall..	5 00
	<hr/> \$25 00

WISCONSIN.

Berlin, Mrs. S. A. Page, \$5 00 for F. M., and \$5 00 for Anthony Hall.....	10 00
Ft. Atkinson, Mrs. Hawley Smith, for Storer College.....	2 00
	<hr/> \$12 00

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis, Mrs. G. B. Bradbury's class F. B. Church, for zenana work.....	1 00
Minneapolis, Woman's Mis. Soc., for F. M.....	6 50
	<hr/> \$7 50

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Stanstead, Miss Fanny Moulton, for Inc. and Lit. fund.....	20
	<hr/> \$0 20

MISCELLANEOUS.

Received from F. B., for Miss. Soc., \$9.75, for Miss I. Phillips' support ..	20 75
Mrs. Hannah Hobson, for incidental fund.....	20
	<hr/> \$20 95

Total.....\$688 29

MISS L. A. DEMERITTE, Treas.,
per MRS. M. S. WATERMAN, Assist. Treas.